
S T E L L A.

A PASTORAL ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE FRENCH OF MON. DE FLORIAN.



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DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

L A D Y B R O U G H T O N,

By Miss ELIZABETH MORGAN,

AUTHORESS OF NUMA POMPILIUS.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold (for the AUTHORESS) by J. BARKER,
Russell-Court, Drury-Lane.

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St. John's Street, Strand.

MILKX.

STELLA.

A PASTORAL ROMANCE.

BOOK IV.

IT is necessary to have been acquainted with the most dreadful misfortunes in life, to be able to live at a distance from the object of our love, to experience a just idea of the extreme joy the soul partakes of, when restored to the full possession of

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B

the

the object it had lost—many a bitter tear of absence must have been shed, before we can partake of the pleasing tears a safe return occasions—much do I pity the wretched lover, who has been most cruelly forced to abandon the object of his wishes—every step he takes but adds to the misfortune; every hour calls back to mind, some pleasure past; in despair does he count the moments, which must pass away before his exile is finished; and yet he thinks to shorten them, by counting them over and over again; a hundred times in the day, does he cast his eyes upon the road, which leads to where he lost his heart. With trembling fear he measures the distance, and the traveller who goes that road, appears to him, to enjoy a fate more blessed than that
of

of kings—I pity him, but still he is to be envied, when the happy day shall come to see her once again; the day when still far off—he knows her house, and sees her at her window, eagerly expecting the blessed moment, when all his uneasinesses will be repaid—but should that instant be postponed, alas! he never could support himself—his heart, though proof against so many evils, would then be overwhelmed with misery.

ALL this did Nemorin anticipate in passing the water with his mistress; in finding himself once more in the valley, which he never thought to see again; in thinking he was now going to live near Stella, to love her, to talk to her without restraint or controul, and fully to possess

her, e'er many months should pass away. This idea, this very hope, this emotion of his mind, had nearly deprived him of his reason. He continued his journey in silence, supporting the arm of Stella, unable to express his joy, but by pressing against his lips the hand of Rose, and his beloved.

It was late in the evening before they reached Massanna—Marguerite uneasy for her daughter, had sent some shepherds with lighted flambeaux, made of pine, in search of Stella, who, she really thought, had lost her way. The pleasure she felt, in seeing her arrive with Nemorin, was the only pleasure she had known since the death of her beloved Raymond—she embraced the young shepherd, then taking
her

her daughter by the hand, "thou art,"
said she, "the choice of his heart—his
"heart and mine, have always thought
"alike—Nemorin, be thou her husband,
"and mayest thou make her happiness
"equal to the love her mother bears
"her."

STELLA and Nemorin fell at the feet
of Marguerite. The good old woman
blessed them; and affectionately raising
them up, she said, "I have, my children,
"one favour to beg of you. Three months
"are hardly elapsed since my worthy
"husband died—allow me to postpone
"your marriage, still six months longer;
"I know, at the expiration of that time,
"my grief will yet be equal, but then,
"my mourning will not be quite so deep;
"besides,

“ besides, however great my friendship
“ is for Nemorin, yet the very thought,
“ that he was not my husband’s choice,
“ will justify, I think, postponing it.—
“ Excuse me, my children, decency re-
“ quires, and my heart demands it.” Thus
saying, Marguerite melted into tears; the
two lovers comforted her, and promised
not to think of marrying till the six
months were quite expired. Nemorin, a
hundred times thanked heaven, Margue-
rite Rose, and Stella. Nemorin, elated
with joy, returned to his former cottage,
solacing himself with the pleasing hopes,
that nothing would, in future, interfere
to procrastinate his happiness.

“ THE following day, by break of morn,
was he in the valley, Stella and Rose
both

both quickly followed him. They both halted at a distance; observed his going from tree to tree, to recognize the characters he formerly engraved on their bark, he pressed his lips on those he found, and renewed the lines, which time had nearly effaced. Nemorin, intoxicated with love, could not forbear his admiration—he walked on with eyes tenderly fixed upon every surrounding object—then returning, frequently addressed them in the following manner:

I.

I.

Oh charming, charming, charming place!
Which I to quit with sorrow strove—
On ev'ry tree, I here can trace
My marks of tenderness and love.

II.

When fate oblig'd me to depart,
From this retreat so very dear!
My love I treasur'd in my heart,
And hope I left behind me here!

III.

'Tis true I've found each place to yield
Wood, water, fields, and flowers beside—
Yet neither wood nor flow'ry field,
Could any Charms for me provide,—

IV.

IV.

In home we find true joy and ease,
More pleasing there the limpid streams;
And there we find in shadowing trees,
Protection from Sol's sultry beams.

V.

How pleasing 'tis our life to end,
Where we at first began that life!
To watch o'er our most faithful friend,
Nor quit our family or wife.——

IT was now the beginning of Summer, and the flocks of the plain, wandered from the banks of the river to the dun umbrage of the woody mountains, or sought the verdant pasturage of the adjacent vallies. The sheep which Stella had (being joined to those which Hilaric conducted there the following day) formed an immense flock. It was necessary, in a strange country, some master should over-look the conduct of the shepherds, for which purpose, Raymond, so long as he lived, made every year this journey. Marguerite desired that Nemorin would take his place; "it is your business, my son," said she, "to watch over the fortune of thy intended wife, or else thy return here with the affection you have for

" Stella,

“ Stella, and the marked attention you
“ have always shewn her, would afford a
“ pretext for calumny. Nemorin, you
“ must retire from hence—conduct our
“ flocks to the mountain, and return
“ hither the beginning of autumn; Stella’s
“ mourning will then be over, and your
“ marriage will be the recompence for
“ shewing such attention to my advice.”

THIS prudent resolution of Marguerite pierced the hearts of the two lovers; but they were sensible how necessary it was to comply therewith. The shepherdess herself, notwithstanding the extreme grief, which the idea of quitting Nemorin occasioned, still begged he would comply, and the wretched shepherd, always obe-

dient to his Stella's wishes, dared not complain at what she had said.

THE departure of the flocks is in the beautiful country which Stella inhabits, a remarkable epoch, and great preparations are previously made for celebrating the same. Every farmer, and every shepherd marks his sheep with some particular letter or cypher; he assembles the shepherds, who are to conduct them to the mountain; gives them his orders and advice, furnishes them with arms for their defence, with medicines, in case they should be sick, and with provisions for themselves. The day, the hour is fixed for assembling to one spot, all the flocks of the valley, from thence they set off together.

THE

THE cavalcade begins with goats—these giddy nimble troops, with up-lifted head, skip, leap, run astray; choose the most difficult paths, climb the very summits of the rocks, and hang, as it were, suspended in the air, brouzing the most distant verdure, fearless both of the shepherd and his dog, and follow their own caprice. Then, at no small distance, come the strong well-grown rams, whose fleecy coat has just been sheared, to die of various colours—their horns are bound with ribbands; their fierce look, and gravity of countenance, encrease the beauty of their ornaments. These march along, followed by dogs, with polished collars of splendid steel. The obedient and faithful guardians, give place to the goats, where no danger is near; but when there is, they take

take their place immediately. Behind these, come the young lambs with their dams, a flock most numerous, whose sweet-toned bells accompany the bleatings of the sheep, the barkings of the dogs, and sweet singing of the shepherds. These last conclude the march, dressed in their Sunday clothes; their hats ornamented with ribbands, and their flutes with flowers—the present of their mistresses—armed with spears, instead of crooks; a martial air is intermixed with their natural sweetness of temper, and these accompanied by all the inhabitants of the hamlet, bring up the rear, playing soft airs, mixed with shouts of approbation. The shepherds assemble, and many, affected with the scene, shed tears—all pray for their speedy return—then joining
hand

hand in hand, each follows the other to a certain stream, where the shepherds and shepherdesses of each flock, alternately sing this song :

SHEPHERDS.

Adieu, ye nymphs, to gay and fond,
We bid these climes farewell——
To pass—these mountains far beyond—
Where foreign nations dwell.
'Till our return, we ne'er shall know
Such love and pleasure as here flow.——

SHEP.

SHEPHERDESSES.

Farewel, relations—friends most dear!
Farewel, ye lovers true——
Bring back your hearts, still, still, sincere
To those who'd die for you!
'Till your return, we ne'er shall know
What love and pleasure here did flow.——

SHEPHERDS.

Your fleecy flocks, with whiter forms,
Will on those mountains grow—
Your shepherds suffer rain and storms—
How hard to undergo!
'Till their return, they'll never know,
What love and pleasure here did flow.—

SHEP.

SHEPHERDESSES.

The traveller who far has stray'd,
 Shou'd ever here he come,
 Surpriz'd, will ask his fav'rite maid,
 Why love was sent from home?
 'Till our return, they'll cry with woe,
 No more will love or pleasure flow.—

SHEPHERDS.

But shou'd these country lasses try
 To win our hearts to love;
 Tho' we their charms may not deny,
 Yet vain their arts will prove—
 'Till our return, we ne'er shall know,
 What love and pleasure here did flow.—

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SHEP.

SHEPHERDESSES.

Shon'd we perceive the treach'rous arts,
Of any village swain—
Who'd fain surprise our constant hearts,
We'll say 'tis all in vain.
'Till our return we ne'er shall know,
What love and pleasure here did flow.—

SUCH is the order of the festival, which Nemorin now beheld with so much pain, but did not find it so at his departure. So many witnesses would only have hindered his taking leave; while all the flocks were assembled in the valley, and that also of Marguerite, began its march with the others, conducted by four shepherds, who were obliged to obey Nemorin, this unfortunate lover had agreed to meet Stella at the fountain.

THEY

THEY both arrived there before the time appointed; Rose accompanied her friend. No sooner did Nemorin perceive Stella, than he ran to meet her, and Stella hastened towards him. They attempted to speak—neither of them could say a word—their tongues stuck to the roof of their mouths; a terrible weight oppressed them; they beheld each other weeping, seized each others hands, still keeping silence, they sat down by the fountain's side, while Rose placed herself behind them. “And must I again quit
“you,” said the shepherd, “again must
“I suffer new torments, equal to death
“itself? Alas! my friend, my friend,
“you shall be most certainly obeyed;
“but you will soon learn the fatal consequence of this obedience.” Thus

saying, the shepherd let go the hand of the shepherdess, and turned away his eyes, streaming with tears. Stella could not, for some minutes, return an answer; at last, in a faltering tone of voice, “How
“ little,” said she, “you know me! How
“ little care you take to preserve the
“ heart you now possess! Ungrateful
“ wretch! It is I who stay behind, and
“ you take the liberty of complaining,
“ by daring to compare this departure,
“ with that which I cannot recollect
“ without a sigh! Remember then the
“ time for thy release is fixed, that Stella
“ with impatience waits it, and nothing
“ more remains to trouble thee.”

“PARDON! O Stella, pardon,” cried
the shepherd, again seizing her hand,
“ the

“ the delirium my uneasiness occasions
“ me ; I quit, O yes, I quit thee—that
“ word, that dreadful word, at once de-
“ prives me of my reason—the most dire-
“ ful presentiments assail my soul, and
“ the most gloomy ideas attack my mind ;
“ I cannot help imagining the worst of
“ troubles will certainly befall me”——
“ O my friend, my much beloved friend,
“ now swear you will for ever love me ;
“ you have told me a thousand times you
“ do, but that is not enough ; repeat
“ those words as many times again, and
“ promise never to forget thy friend ; yes,
“ promise”——“ to forget !” interrupt-
ed Stella ; “ Behold the place thou leavest
“ me in ; here every thing is full of thee,
“ here in my mind, I shall for ever see
“ thee. In the country thou art going
“ to,

“ to, a thousand new objects will amuse
“ thy mind, while every thing I *here* shall
“ meet with, will but increase my pain.—
“ This meadow, this fountain, thy house,
“ and that also of my mother; every
“ thing, in short, which here surrounds
“ me, and every thing which strikes my
“ eye, will bring my Nemorin back to
“ view—will make me think of Nemorin;
“ every day will I come to this meadow,
“ but shall not see my friend! I shall sit
“ myself down by this clear fountain’s
“ side, and my tears shall bedew the spot
“ where now thou art—I shall pass before
“ thy house, which to me will seem a
“ frightful desert; to my own I shall re-
“ turn without the hopes of seeing thee
“ there. Alas! my much beloved friend,
“ do not suppose I shall forget thee! but
“ rather

“ rather fear——these apprehensions
“ prey upon my mind, and I, like you,
“ experience the most alarming thoughts.
“ Yesterday evening, the dreary bird of
“ night perched herself upon my window ;
“ and her dreadful screamings lasted ’till
“ break of day, when I could not possibly
“ help trembling. My friend, my dear
“ friend—I beg thou wilt not leave me ;
“ return to my mother, our tears may,
“ perhaps, make her relent. Nemorin,
“ thou must not go, but stay with me,
“ thy other half ; answer me, and say thou
“ wilt not leave me.”

Rose hearing these words, hastened quickly to them—Nemorin, overcome with joy, was just going to comply with the desire of Stella, but Rose objected, and bid them
recollect

recollect the determination of Marguerite, "that they should not marry 'till autumn," also the reports that would be so injurious to the character of Stella, should Nemorin return before that period, the respect and obedience they owed their affectionate mother, and particularly the uneasiness they would thereby give her.

ROSE continued speaking; the lovers wept, but yielded to what Rose had said. Nemorin got up to leave them; but Stella still prevented him; she gave him a bracelet of her own hair, which the shepherd wore suspended at his bosom; then pressing the hand of Stella with his lips, he, with a stifled voice, took his leave, and said, "Adieu!" a thousand times he repeated adieu! and cried it was the last, but had not
courage

“courage left to quit her.” Stella repeated the sad adieu, bid him begone, but quitted not his hand: at last they were separated by Rose; and in spite of all the tears and cries of Nemorin, she dragged the wretched Stella from him, who still turned her head and stopt, extending her hand towards him. The shepherd stood motionless, but still kept looking after her; she now is out of sight, yet he continued looking; at last, with difficulty, he left the fountain, and took the road to Lezan.

It was near this village that Nemorin rejoined his flock. He continued his journey towards Anduze, reached the woods of Valery; and then proceeding towards the river Melouze, after ten days

journey on foot, he arrived at the banks of soft-flowing Galaizon.

THERE he intended passing the summer—his first endeavours were to find the more solitary pastures, rather than be diverted from his sorrows, for, separated from all the other shepherds, thinking of Stella only, he climbed the steepest rocks and highest mountains, to have the better prospect of Massanna.—Impatient for the evening, he folded his flocks before night, and made what haste he could to retire to his cottage, flattering himself, he should be earlier there the following day. Seventeen times had he seen the sun set, and his courage was near exhausted, when, one morning lost in melancholy thoughts, the like he never experienced,

perienced, he rose by dawn of day, and seated himself upon the side of a steep and barren rock.

THE sun was not yet above the horizon, the stars unnumbered shone, the setting moon reflected her rays in soft tender streams, Echo from distant rocks resounded back the bleatings of the fold, while all the country round was covered with a gloomy veil; some glow-worms glistened here and there, the only objects that could be distinguished in the dark.

NEMORIN, having long considered the dead calm, which only served to augment his melancholy, turned his eyes towards the east, and sang the following air :

E 2

Thou

I.

Thou early harbinger of day,
Thou morning planet bright!
When I behold thy radiant ray,
I wish again for night!—
For when my love is far away,
How long methinks—how long the day!—

II.

How quiet easy Nature seems——
While in their peaceful nest,
The little birds enjoy their dreams,
But I alone want rest.——
For when my love is far away,
How long methinks—how long the day!—

What

III.

What, tho' I love, and am belov'd,

Tho' of enjoyment sure——

Still fears and doubts are not remov'd,

I secret pangs endure!—

For when my love is far away,

How long methinks—how long the day!—

It was thus the hapless shepherd sang;
and Phœbus arose to cover the mountain
tops with the colour of roses and gold.
Nemorin, who was formerly so smitten
with the beauties of Nature, can now,
without pleasure, behold the majestic
rising of the sun—with grief was he re-
turning to his flock, when, at a distance,
he perceived a shepherdess approach
him; at first, he tried to avoid her, but
thinking he recollected something of her,
he

he stopped a little to examine her person. She approached him slowly, with joined hands, and seemingly worn down with fatigue and grief; but how great was Nemorin's surprise, to find the nymph was Rose! Filled with trouble and surprise, he hurried towards her, tears were in her eyes, nor dared he to enquire the reason of her journey; with a ghastly countenance and open mouth, he silently expected to hear from Rose, the history of her fate.

“UNFORTUNATE Nemorin,” said the shepherdes, “I would not entrust any one
“ with the sad duty, which friendship de-
“ mands I should acquit myself of this
“ day; Stella begged it of me, and Stella
“ insisted that I should be the messenger
“ of

“ of the last expressions of her love, and
“ the last *adieu* of her heart.” “ What !”
cried Nemorin, “ is Stella dead then ?”
“ Stella yet lives ; but lives no more
“ for you.”

NEMORIN fell speechless to the ground,
Rose ran immediately to fetch water from
the neighbouring stream, sprinkled it on
his face, took him by the hand, and spoke
to him affectionately. The wretched
shepherd opened his eyes, looked sorrow-
ful at Rose. “ Finish,” said he, “ in pity
“ finish what you have to say.”

“ HAS Stella changed her mind ? does
“ she no longer love me ? my life is now
“ become a burthen—Stella is changed !
“ no longer does my Stella love me !”
repeating

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repeating these words, he fell again upon the ground, and embraced it as his last asylum; he bit the very stones, and bedewed the grass with bitter tears!——

“Stella,” said Rose, “even yet adores
“you, and that love which she cannot
“obliterate—that love, which to her, is
“dearer than life itself, must make her
“life for ever wretched!”

At these words Nemorin raised again his head; “What!” said he, “does
“Stella love me, and will she ever do
“the same? you still assure me so? are
“you sure you do not deceive me?—
“Alas! I can support every thing! if
“still her heart is mine,” Rose again assured him how impossible it was, that she should ever change. The shepherd, now
cool

cool and calm, dried up his tears, and was very attentive to what the faithful Rose now told him.

“It is hardly eight days since the happy Stella herself assured me, that within these two months, she certainly would be your bride. We met every morning at the fountain—the day passed in talking of you, and when the setting sun informed us it was time to go home, we returned to Marguerite, and talked of you again.”

“One evening, as we were engaged in this agreeable conversation, we heard a hasty knocking at the door, which threw us into confusion: being recovered, Stella and I went both to

“ open it. Judge our surprize, in finding
“ Meril and Raymond there. Stella’s
“ first emotion was to embrace her father,
“ and without taking notice of Meril,
“ she ran to inform Marguerite of the
“ unexpected arrival of her intended
“ husband.”

“ O my friend, my tears still flow, when
“ I recollect the joy, the transports, and
“ delirium of Marguerite; she could not
“ possibly believe her eyes; she could not
“ tear herself from the old man’s arms;
“ she almost drowned him in her tears,
“ and dried them repeatedly, to have
“ another look, and be assured it was he
“ she pressed to her bosom; Raymond
“ was almost choaked with his, tried, but
“ tried in vain to speak. The old man,
“ embraced

“embraced now by his wife, now by his
“daughter, then by turns, then both to-
“gether, was not equal to the transports
“which seized his soul.”

At last, when their joy was a little
calmed, Raymond took Meril by the
hand, and presented him to his wife and
daughter: “Here is my deliverer,” said
he, “and he returns to your husband,
“and your father; hear what he has done
“for me”

“Then, against the will of Meril, he
“informed us how the Spanish pirates,
“the very night he arrived at Mague-
“lonne, had surprized and plundered
“the town; awaked by the first, he de-
“fended himself a long time, though

“ armed only with a stick ; but over-
“ come by numbers, and weakened with
“ wounds, he was at last taken, thrown
“ into chains, and dragged on board the
“ enemy’s ships, who departed at break
“ of day. He was carried to Barcelona,
“ where, being cured of his wounds, the
“ pirates fixed so high a price upon his
“ liberty, that the generous Raymond re-
“ solved to continue in slavery, rather
“ than be the ruin of his wife and
“ daughter, by informing them of his
“ misfortune. Resigned to his wretched
“ fate, he served in the capacity of a
“ sailor, on board the enemy’s ships ; and
“ was one day reposing himself on the
“ sea-side, when, on a sudden, he espied
“ Meril.—Meril, supposing Raymond
“ killed, wrote to us, and caused every
“ thing

“ thing he had at Lezan to be sold, that
“ he might settle himself at Barcelona.
“ There being informed by the enemy’s
“ sailors, that Raymond was a prisoner at
“ Barcelona, he went directly thither,
“ with the little fortune left him; and
“ this said fortune ransomed Raymond’s
“ liberty. Meril esteemed this day the
“ happiest of his life; more happy in his
“ poverty, than he had ever been when
“ rich; he took with his friend the
“ road to Massanna, from whence they
“ are just arrived.”

RAYMOND, during this recital wept,
and finished his story, by taking his
daughter’s hand, and addressing the good
Meril, “ Here,” said he, “ is the only
“ fortune left me, for every thing which I
“ possess

“ possess, will never repay thee for my
“ ransom. Here, take her then, my
“ friend, not as an acquaintance, because
“ I wish to be thy debtor, to add still
“ to what thou hast already done for
“ me.” Nemorin here interrupted Rose;
“ My misfortune,” said he, “ is now com-
“ pleted—Meril deserves the hand of
“ Stella—may they be happy! yes, may
“ they be happy! and I the only one
“ deserving pity!” Rose wished to com-
fort him, but Nemorin entreated her to
continue her recital.

“ AFTER the action of Meril,” con-
tinued Rose, “ Stella and Marguerite both
“ clearly saw that not any thing could
“ possibly defer the wedding, on which
“ the happiness of Raymond did in reality
“ depend!”

“depend!” This old man, without informing himself of what might have happened during his absence; without shewing any curiosity or displeasure, led Stella aside, and shewing her the recent marks of the chains upon his arms; “what day,” said he, “will you be married to my deliverer?” “To-morrow shall be the day,” said Stella.

RAYMOND embraced her; but observing her grow pale, he left her with Marguerite, and departed to provide for the wedding.

“STELLA then wrote to you—I have
“burnt the letter, which would only have
“increased your uneasiness, and fearing
“you might despair, as also apprehend-
“ing

“ing the dreadful evils it might occasion,
“ I departed with Hilaric, to bring you
“ tidings of this disagreeable intelligence,
“ to lament with you, and to console
“ you as much as friendship possibly could
“ do. You see the motives of my actions,
“ and excuse, my friend, the ill I have
“ done you.

“ ARE they then married ?” demanded
the shepherd, with a melancholy air ?
“ They are,” said Rose, “ nor ever was
“ a wedding celebrated under such in-
“ auspicious circumstances. The wretch-
“ ed Stella pale, her eyes both red and
“ swelled with tears, was dragged to the
“ altar ; no sooner had she kneeled down,
“ but she fell upon the stone before the
“ altar. When she was obliged to repeat
“ the

“ the oath——her throbbings and tears
“ prevented her from speaking, and she
“ shut her eyes against the light. • Mar-
“ guerite and I, who watched all her
“ actions, hastened quickly to her, and
“ supported her against our bosoms.—
“ Meril wished to defer the ceremony ;
“ but Stella recovering a little her spirits,
“ got up, and seizing the hand of Meril,
“ pronounced the solemn words which
“ engaged her for ever.

“ IN quitting the church, she was seiz-
“ ed with a violent fever; we were ap-
“ prehensive of the consequence ; Meril
“ thinking of her alone, attentive to her
“ without being troublesome, bestowed
“ every care and kind attention on her—
“ for three days did they long converse

“ with each other, then wept, but Stella
“ became more calm, and since that, her
“ fever abated—at present, she is out of
“ danger, provided she fees you not
“ again; for I am sure, were she to
“ behold the object of her only love, she
“ would most certainly relapse and baffle
“ all the phyfician’s skill. I infift then,
“ and by our constant friendship, I en-
“ treat you, Nemorin, if you have any
“ love for Stella, never to return to your
“ own country; no hopes remain for
“ you, all is irrecoverable; encrease not
“ your own misfortunes by adding to
“ those of your miftrefs, by rousing
“ Meril’s jealousy, and making her fall
“ the facrifice of her father, her husband,
“ and her lover.”

ROSE

ROSE now finished, Nemorin ~~observed~~ *discovered* a gloomy angry silence—his parched eyes were fixed on Rose, but saw her not; his breath was short, nor could he either speak or cry. Rose waited some moments; then stretching out her hand to him, “Do you hate me?” said she to him—this expression made the shepherd weep.

“Hate you, my worthy friend! So
“long as this sad heart shall beat, I shall
“for thee, entertain the most affectionate
“friendship—I have not long to love
“you—but my last resolution shall be to
“obey your commands. My dearest
“Rose, I will depart, and every day go
“farther off from her, from you, and
“from every thing dear to me; I will
G 2 “place

“ place, if possible, the very globe be-
“ tween us—Adieu, my friend, my only
“ friend, adieu—for ever—Rose, adieu;
“ your name, which was formerly to me
“ so sweet! How dreadful is it now to
“ me—I beg you will never talk to her
“ of me; I wish she should remain ig-
“ norant of all my sufferings—never so
“ much as mention me to her; it will
“ trouble her repose; only tell her that
“ I am gone, and gone to live remote
“ from her, to get, if possible, the better
“ of my wretched passion, by imitating,
“ if possible, her example, to forget.—
“ No, Rose; no, never! O never! but
“ rather tell her, that my latest breath
“ will be lost for her, and that in death I
“ shall repeat her name, and her adored
“ image.—Ah, Rose! I was not de-
“ ceived,

“ceived, when last I said farewell. Her
“heart too, told her the same—the more
“I talk to you of her, I find the greater
“pain in parting—adieu, my Rose,
“my dearest Rose, adieu, you will never
“see me more.”

THE shepherd pronounced these words,
and throwing himself on Rose’s neck, he
pressed her in his arms.

THIS shepherdess, who had never in
her life permitted any shepherd to kiss
her hand, fearless received the affectionate
farewell of her friend. Nay, she herself,
saluted him, and mixed her tears with
his—she pressed him to her heart; nor
did her modesty reproach her; so true is
it,

it, that real friendship purifies every thing belonging to her.

THE wretched shepherd at last tore himself from her, and hastily departing, without bestowing a thought on Trim, or even on the flock he quitted. Rose, alarmed at Nemorin's despair, arose and ran after him, then called him back and joined him, and resolving not to quit him in the first moments of his despair, accompanied him.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

BOOK V.

AFFECTIONATE friendship, the joy of all good hearts, in heaven wert thou born, and visited the earth when men first disagreed! Thou camest to assist them, to console them, and make their life supportable!—The Creator always ready, through his goodness, to solace every misfortune of nature, made thee the support of every human anxiety. By thee alone, the blessings of life are made superior to its evils! without thee, we, the sport of chance, should pass in tears, the tedious moments of a short life—without thee,

thee, like weak vessels, without a pilot or rudder, the sport of every gale of wind, carried sometimes here, and sometimes there, upon the sea abounding with quicksands; we should perish without being pitied or lamented, or we should only escape, to suffer still much more. Thou art our port of refuge, after the storm, where we rejoice when the danger is past. By thee the wretched forget their trouble, and the happy redouble their pleasures; the benefactress of all men; thou bestowest on them such satisfactions as never are accompanied with sad remorse or fear!

ROSE continued three days with Nemorin, during which time she did every thing she could to console him, without
ever

ever asking whether the road they were in, led either to, or from Maffanna.

ROSE employed herself solely in giving consolation to the shepherd. He was the friend of her friend, and that made her esteem him like a brother; by this name she called him in the villages they slept at, and where every one was ready to shew them hospitality.

HILARIC followed the amiable Rose at a distance, but never interrupted their friendly conversations. At the expiration of three days, he informed the shepherdess, that they went farther and farther off from his village, and that he was at a loss to find his way back. Nemorin persuaded the young guide to prevail on Rose to

return to Massanna. The friend of Stella having made him swear to the shepherd, that he would take care of him, took leave, and for the first time since his misfortune, was Nemorin able to shed tears.

BEING left alone, the melancholy shepherd went far into the woods, there he staid many weeks, living upon wild fruits, and always thinking of his forlorn situation. Resolved to leave Occitania, he took the first road he found, and walking strait on, without knowing where he was, and after the expiration of some days, he arrived in the plain of Sainte Eulalia.— There he halted, and being worn out with fatigue, he threw himself down at the foot of a tree, and fell asleep. He

was

was soon awakened by a sweet and affectionate voice. This voice, which was not absolutely unknown to Nemorin, thus expressed itself:

I.

Thou, who dost count each tedious hour

When absent from thy love!

Thou, who dost scorn th' inconstant maid,

Whose heart is prone to rove;

Thy helpless fate compar'd to mine,

A blessed state must be——

For thee a beaming hope remains——

But all's despair for me!——

II.

A country nymph did I adore,

Her heart did I obtain——

But ah! all happiness on earth

Is transient, false, and vain!

Just so, when with the morning breeze,

The rose now blooms so gay;

The very day it spreads its sweets—

Begins to fade away.—

III.

The object of my tenderness,

Alas! lies in the grave!

Not even beauty, grace, nor youth,

The lovely maid cou'd save!

To the eternal tomb of night,

I'll follow where she's gone—

The ivy never can survive,

When once the elm's cut down!—

NEMORIN, affected at these words,
drew near the place from whence they
parted; he perceived a shepherd lying on
the grass, his head between his hands,
and his eyes bathed with tears: he had
hardly

hardly looked at him, but recollected Ifidore; Ifidore, his old companion, the first friend of his youth, to whom Nemorin could not say farewell, when he first left Massanna, and whom he could not find again in the village, where Stella brought him back. They tenderly embraced, and remained a long while in that situation, without uttering a word.— They then affectionately beheld and compassionated each other's misfortunes.

NEMORIN broke silence, "My friend," said he, "our sufferings arise from the same cause,——love"——"Ah!" said Ifidore, "talk only of friendship."

At this word, he threw himself again into the arms of his friend. Eager to know
their

their mutual sorrows, they sat themselves down under a hedge of privets, which was higher than their heads, and Nemorin recounted all his sufferings.

He shed tears, and made his companion do the same; who, in his turn, gave an account of his sufferings.

“ You know the first evils I met with
“ in life; you know I lost my parents
“ when quite a child; I was brought up
“ under a shepherd of Massanna, the
“ good and wise Casimir, whom the poor
“ always bewailed, and among the rich
“ could never find his equal—he died the
“ very day you, for the first time, quitted
“ our village—before he died, he thus
“ addressed me:

My

I “ My son, you are descended from
“ royal blood, but you have no fortune.
“ Your father, the best of friends I ever
“ had, committed you, when a child, to
“ my care. I endeavoured to instil into
“ your mind, the principles of virtue; it
“ is the only inheritance a shepherd has
“ to leave; to that I shall also add the
“ little sum I have laid by, not for the
“ poor, but for you alone. Purchase
“ therewith a flock of sheep, if you are
“ inclined to follow the agreeable life of
“ a shepherd. Should the blood, from
“ which you are descended, boil in your
“ veins, these are your titles to nobility;
“ go fight for our good King, and may
“ your courage give you that, which for-
“ tune has taken from you; which ever
“ you may do, lose not sight of virtue,
“ and

“and sometimes think of the affection I
“have shewn you.”

“Thus saying, he gave me a purse,
“squeezed my hand, and yielded up the
“ghost. I will not pretend to describe
“what I suffered, you see my tears flow
“at the very name of Casimir.”

“THE next day I left Massanna, which
“then appeared a desert to me. Having
“searched for thee in vain, I resolved to
“go to Montpellier, and beg a sword of
“that young hero, the famous Gaston de
“Foix, who was then in possession of our
“states: I departed with the gold and
“titles of my benefactor; I went towards
“the ancient town of *Sauve*, I journied
“along the banks of Vidourle, and I
“arrived

“ arrived in the charming valley, where
“ Saint Hippolitus is builded. Enchanted
“ with the country which surrounded me,
“ I went and sat down upon the banks of
“ the water, I leaned against an ancient
“ hollow tree, to take a full view of this
“ delightful prospect.”

“ It was then the very beginning of
“ Spring, all the meadows were enamelled
“ with flowers; the lime-trees, the laurels,
“ and the hawthorns, perfumed the air;
“ thousands of birds were making love
“ upon their branches; the rams were in
“ pursuit of the ewe; the zephyrs agitated
“ both the leaves of the trees, and silver
“ streams. The soft murmurs of the
“ waves, intermixed with the rustling noise
“ of the leaves, the notes of the nightingale,

“ the bleatings of the flocks, conveyed
“ into my soul an unwished-for anxiety of
“ mind, and I listened to a song, which I
“ heard the shepherdes sing, at no small
“ distance from me.”

I.

Now spring time is here,
Let's dance on the green,
For Nature with cheer
Has order'd the scene—
The time is fixed for mirth and play,
And pleasure keeps her holiday.—

II.

The sweet current's sound,
While rocks are between—
And riv'lets around
Th' meadows so green,
Invite us all to mirth and play,
Then let's be happy while we may.—

III.

III.

The birds in the groves,
The larks on the wing;
The sweet turtle doves,
And crickets too, sing——
Beware you do not lose a day,
But let's be happy while we may.——

IV.

This season so sweet,
Which scarce lasts a day;
Will lovers ne'er greet,
But Nature obey.—
Then let's prepare for mirth and play,
So let's be happy while we may.——

“ IN the midst of this reverie, which
“ occupied my senses, I fell into a sweet
“ slumber; scarce were my eyes closed,
“ but thou appeared in my dream. Yes,

I 2

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“ slumber; scarce were my eyes closed,
“ but thou appeared in my dream. Yes,

I 2

“ Nemorin,

“ Nemorin, I saw thee in the same blue
“ coat thou wert accustomed to wear,
“ with a white waistcoat, and your hand-
“ kerchief tied in a knot under your
“ chin. I thought you came to me, that
“ you was leaning upon your crook, and
“ beheld me with eyes furcharged with
“ tears.”

“ UNFORTUNATE wretch, begone,”
“ saidst thou, begone, thou still hast time.
“ In a moment after, thou couldst say no
“ more. Here it is where love attends
“ to bring thee under his controul. O,
“ Ifidore, how I pity thee; thou art not
“ yet acquainted with formidable love—
“ O, mayst thou never know! mayst thou
“ never experience the evils which ab-
“ sence causes, nor the tears which fear
“ occasions;

“ occasions ; together with the torments
“ of jealousy, pains without reason, and
“ the evils, which are only imaginary.
“ Ifidore, my dear Ifidore, I am, myself,
“ a sad example of the wretched state
“ which love has made. Tremble, lest
“ thou shouldst become an object more
“ deserving compassion than I. —

“ Having said this, thou didst immedi-
“ ately disappear, and every thing around
“ me seemed melancholy sad ; I was sitting
“ upon the banks of a river, whose water
“ flowed both black and muddy ; a white
“ deer was lying by the side of me ; this
“ charming deer seemed to have chosen
“ me for her master ; the moment I pre-
“ sented her some flowers, which I had
“ gathered for her, a monster darted forth
“ from

“ from the woods, took her off, and
“ rushed with her into the water. I
“ awaked in a cold sweat; I looked wildly
“ round me; I heard a dreadful scream;
“ and I saw two young shepherdesses,
“ trembling; and, lost in thought, ap-
“ peared just going to throw themselves
“ into the river, to avoid a bull which
“ pursued them. I arose, and saw this
“ terrible animal bounding along the side
“ of the river, with his head bent down-
“ wards, his eyes half shut, presenting
“ two threatening horns, and throwing, at
“ a distance from him, a smoking froth
“ from his nostrils.

“ ACCUSTOMED, from my infancy, to
“ this manner of bull-fighting, I rushed
“ at his horns, pressing on one, and raising
“ up

“ up the other, I * easily overthrew him.
“ The bull fell, and rolled into the river;
“ at the noise this sudden plunge occa-
“ sioned, the two shepherdesses returned,
“ recovering from their fright, when they
“ saw the bull swim to the other side of
“ the river, they came and thanked me
“ for the kind service I had done them.”

“ O, my friend, on this circumstance
“ depended the fate of my life—Adelaide,
“ for this was the youngest shepherdess’s
“ name, was scarce sixteen years of age;
“ sweetness and elegance were painted in
“ all her steps; her beauty, which struck
“ me immediately, seemed to borrow
“ charms

* The young shepherds of Lower Languedoc are accustomed to this method of bull-fighting.

“ charms from her goodness and her
“ candour; it was impossible to behold
“ and not admire her—the moment you
“ cast a glance at her, that very moment
“ *was* you in love, without so much as
“ thinking of her beauty. Delphina, her
“ elder sister, thanked me also, and de-
“ fired (at least I think so) that I would
“ repose myself at her house. I hardly
“ heard her speak; but my soul was full
“ of her. When I wished to return her
“ an answer, my tongue was frozen to
“ the roof of my mouth; I trembled, and
“ stammered out some few words.—
“ Delphina perceived my trouble; I saw
“ her whisper to her sister; Adelaide
“ blushed, I found I also did the same,
“ and my embarrassment encreased.

“ THE

“ The two sisters quitted me, I dared
“ not follow them—they stopped at a little
“ distance, and began gathering flowers;
“ Delphina chose the finest; Adelaide
“ gathered promiscuously; sometimes lost
“ in thought, instead of flowers, she ga-
“ thered the weeds which grew in the
“ meadow, and let the narcissusses, she
“ had already gathered, fall. Delphina,
“ less deranged than her sister, bethought
“ herself it was time to return home.—
“ Adelaide also said the same. They
“ both took their way to a castle sur-
“ rounded with turrets, built upon a high
“ hill. A goatherd, who passed by, in-
“ formed me it was that of Aguzan,
“ which belonged to an old knight, the
“ richest and most powerful in that coun-

“ try, who had been a long time a wi-
“ dower, and the father of the two shep-
“ herdesses I had just now met.”

“ OVERCOME with this intelligence, I
“ in a moment saw the abyfs of troubles,
“ which a hopeless passion would hurry
“ me into. Every thing you said you
“ had dreamed, occurred to my mind.—
“ Alarmed at the idea of the evils which
“ awaited me, I wished to fly from them,
“ I began again my path, but could not
“ get farther than the willow tree, where
“ I had laid myself down to sleep.—
“ Sitting down upon the same spot, my
“ eyes fixed upon the place where I had
“ seen her, endeavouring to think of
“ myself, and not able to think of any
“ thing

“ thing but her, I waited till the ensuing
“ day. During the night, I intended
“ setting off by break of day ; when the
“ sun arose, I determined to stay till
“ night—I ran through all the meadows
“ seeking the flowers which she had let
“ fall ; I was overjoyed when I found
“ them ; I kissed them again and again,
“ richer in having them, than in all the
“ world could bestow, I went and sat
“ down at the foot of a fallow, where I
“ sang this song :

I.

Charming narcissus, which a shepherdes gay,
Whose skin was for whiteness like thee—
In this lonely meadow, did leave here one day,
And henceforth my flower shall be.

II.

Since gather'd and touch'd by a hand so divine,
The lily and rose thou excel!
Ye three, in the meadows, all flowers outshine—
My treasure! I 'steem ye so well.

III.

Oh! may I for life be delighted with love—
As long as I live, smell, and see—
Tho' in my fair's breast, greater honour 'twould prove,
Yet, near it, in mine, will you be.

No

“ No sooner had I said this, but I
“ heard a noise ; turning my head, I saw
“ Adelaide with Delphina. I arose to
“ salute them, hid my flowers in my
“ bosom, and pretended to avoid them.
“ Delphina stopped me.

“ SHEPHERD,” said she, “ it is we
“ who should retire, if we interrupt your
“ singing.” “ My singing,” said I, trem-
bling, “ cannot possibly give pleasure,
“ excuse a stranger’s forgetting himself, in
“ so delightful a situation.”

“ You may, without the least fear, stay
“ here,” said Adelaide, “ these fields be-
“ long to my father, and we are under
“ too many obligations, to treat you as
“ a stranger.”

“ THUS

“ Thus saying, she coloured, and
“ looked at Delphina, as if she wished
“ her approbation for what she had
“ done.”

“ I wished to answer her, but could
“ not speak a word, Delphina pitied my
“ confusion; asked my name, what coun-
“ tryman I was, my reason for coming
“ to Saint Hippolytus. I told her the
“ misfortune I had, in losing the good
“ Casimir, though I gave her no account
“ of my birth, yet did I not conceal
“ from her, that I had now no longer
“ any asylum nor friend; no longer any
“ protector, and that it was my intention
“ to enlist in the troops of Gaston de
“ Foix. This Delphina dissuaded me
“ from; Adelaide added, that Casimir
“ wa

“ was not the only one who could love
“ unfortunate virtue.”

“ AT this moment a sound of horns
“ was heard, a pack of hounds arrived
“ soon after, led on by many servants,
“ among them was an old man, of a
“ grave and noble countenance, armed
“ with a long spear, and gave his orders
“ to the huntsmen.”

“ HE seemed much surprised to find
“ his daughters in the fields; but Del-
“ phina, throwing her arms about his
“ neck, wished him much sport, and
“ assured him, the only reason for being
“ up that morning so early, was only to
“ assist him.

“ FOR

“FOR some time past,” said she, “you
“ have been looking for a complete shep-
“ herd, see here is one from the Cer-
“ vennian mountains, whose shepherds
“ are so highly spoken of, I will answer
“ for him; you will not refuse taking
“ him, when you know what he has
“ done for us. Delphina then told her
“ father from what a dangerous situation
“ he had rescued them.—The old
“ Aguzon asked many questions, and
“ blushing, I repeated what his daughter
“ had already told him. The old man
“ took me into his service, gave me his
“ hand as a token of friendship, and
“ ordered one of his huntsmen to con-
“ duct me to the sheep-folds.”

“ IN

“ IN parting, I met Adelaide’s eyes.—
“ This single look made me almost lose
“ my senses; I ran to take charge of
“ the flock. The following day I led it
“ into this beautiful meadow, which
“ I esteem so much. Adelaide came
“ there again, I took the liberty of
“ speaking to her. She answered me
“ with goodness, politeness and modesty;
“ this still encreased my passion for her;
“ she talked to me of my situation; on
“ her alone it depended. She wished
“ me happiness, and instructed me how
“ to please her father. I followed her
“ advice, and at the expiration of a
“ few weeks, I became the old gentle-
“ man’s favorite. To me was entrusted
“ the care of the farm, the sheep, and

“ his house. Adelaide congratulated me
“ upon my success, for which I was in-
“ debted to her advice, and I could not
“ sufficiently express either my good
“ fortune, nor my gratitude. Fearful
“ of saying too much, I was rather
“ backward in saying what I ought
“ to have done. The respect I had for
“ her presence, surpassed even the love
“ I had for her.”

“ OUR soft and pleasing conversations
“ became more frequent. Adelaide and
“ Delphina resorted every morning to
“ the meadow, and the remainder of
“ the day I was at the castle. I never
“ mentioned any thing of love, and yet
“ Adelaide was certain I adored her.

“ Never

“ Never did she say a word that her
“ father might not have heard ; and yet
“ I was certain she loved me.”

“ At last, I ventured to inform her of
“ my birth ; this declaration gave her
“ sensible pleasure. A ray of hope pos-
“ sessed our souls—mad, as we were ! the
“ greatest of evils awaited us.”

“ ONE day Adelaide met me in the
“ meadow, rather later than usual ; her
“ complexion had not now that lively
“ colour which resembled the blush-
“ ing rose. Her eyes had lost their
“ usual brilliancy ; she trembled all
“ over, when she pressed my hands ;
„ my friend,” said she, in a low tone of
voice,” “ yesterday evening, my father

“ informed us, that in order to provide
“ for my sister, equal to the first person
“ in the town, he was determined that
“ I should take the veil. Delphina
“ cried bitterly, threw herself at my fa-
“ ther’s feet, and entreated him to break
“ off the marriage which would make us
“ both unhappy. My father pushed her
“ from him, angry at her entreaties and
“ my silence ; he informed me, in a very
“ angry tone of voice, that he would the
“ ensuing day, conduct me to the con-
“ vent of Anduzia, where I should stay
“ my whole life. The tears and cries of
“ my sister only encreased his anger.—
“ His ambition was flattered with the
“ thoughts of having the young Count
“ D’Affier for his son-in-law, and he
“ sacrificed

“sacrificed the affection he had for me
“to his ambition*.

“BUT I will not go, my friend, to
“the convent. The trouble and appre-
“hension this design affected me with,
“the passion my father was in, and the
“thought of never seeing him again,
“threw me into a fit of illness, which
“threatened fatal consequences. I was
“at night in a violent fever, and I had
“such an inward heat, that I could
“hardly bear it. The certainty of fall-
“ing a sacrifice to my misfortunes, in-
“spired me with courage to visit thee
“once

* The cruel examples of daughters sacrificed to the ambition of their fathers and their families, have been more common in Langsdos, than in any other country.

“ once more, that I might bid adieu to
“ this beautiful meadow, the asylum of
“ our amours.” “ My heart melted when
“ she spoke, my tears flowed, when
“ I fixed my eyes upon the ancient
“ fallow tree——where, for the first
“ time——Support me, O my friend,
“ O take me from thence, or I shall
“ value life too much.

“ WHILE she said this, I perceived
“ her faint away; I spoke to her, but
“ she answered not. I conveyed her, in
“ this situation, so far as the castle, where
“ the women put her to bed.

“ Her disorder was very soon at the
“ height. Aguzan desired me to assist
“ Delphina, in taking care of her sister.

“ Thanks

“ Thanks to this pleasing order, I never
“ afterwards quitted Adelaide a moment,
“ continually employed in waiting upon
“ her, always on my knees at the foot of
“ her bed, while Delphina sat at the
“ bolster; we passed nine days and nine
“ nights weeping, and she did not all
“ this time so much as close her eyes,
“ and putting on a forced smile when she
“ looked at us, “ Alas! my friend,” said
she, “ how painful are all our affected
“ joys, which both Delphina and I suf-
“ fered, by masking our fears and our
“ smiling countenances, and pretending to
“ hope for that, which our hearts inform-
“ ed us could not be. Death, even death
“ would have been more agreeable to us,
“ than the continual pain and uneasiness

“ we

“ we were in, from apprehending every
“ moment would have been her last.”

“ NEVERTHELESS, the old Aguzan, af-
“ fected with the thoughts of the danger
“ his daughter was in, had sent to Mont-
“ pellier for advice. The doctor attend-
“ ed for eleven days before he could
“ give us the smallest hopes of her re-
“ covering or not. He came the eleventh
“ day, the fits were much more violent,
“ the doctor left us, and I fell motion-
“ less when he quitted us.

“ BEING come to myself, I took my
“ usual place, near the bed of Adelaide—
“ She knew no one; for four days was
“ she light-headed, yet she fixed her eyes
“ upon me, and looking at me with that
“ frightful

“frightful grin, which would have made
“the most indifferent shed tears.—

“I am perfectly recovered,” said she,
“and to-morrow I shall marry Isidore.
“To-morrow I shall be the wife of the
“most amiable of men. After that, I
“shall die; I have promised to have
“him; I wish you would attend my
“wedding, and that you die with me.

“She then reached out her hand, after
“having talked so inconsistently to me,
“but her father entered at that moment,
“and she pushed me from her, and
“mentioning the word convent, became
“immediately light-headed.”

“ AT night she grew rather better.—
“ This was the twelfth day that Delphina
“ and I passed without a wink of sleep.—
“ Delphina made her father retire, and
“ overcome with fatigue, she threw her-
“ self upon a bed, where in spite of
“ all her grief, she fell fast asleep. All
“ the women, all the men-servants were
“ asleep—I was the only one awake in the
“ chamber, she was composed, but over-
“ come with pain; she slept, or else ap-
“ peared so to do. I observed her coun-
“ tenance, a few days since, the most beau-
“ tiful in nature, but now red, flushed, co-
“ vered with a dry skin, her mouth so late-
“ ly an asylum of loves and cupids (from
“ whence never escaped a word but of
“ kindness and affection) exhaled a burn-
“ ing, scorching, quick-fetched breath.—
“ I wished

“ I wished to receive it, and hoped that
“ I should thereby catch her disorder
“ and die with her. I placed my head
“ softly near her; I sat near her bolster,
“ and drew in the dreadful breath that
“ issued from her bosom. This kind of
“ happiness which I enjoyed, by finding
“ myself upon the same pillow with
“ Adelaide; the fatigue I had gone
“ through, and the many nights I had
“ sat up without sleeping, deprived me
“ of my senses—all my strength was ex-
“ hausted, all my senses were benumbed;
“ in consequence of what I had under-
“ gone, I was no longer sensible of my
“ pains, and I experienced a kind of
“ non-existence; yet I could not close
“ my eyes, nor take them off her; be-
“ cause I thought I saw her turn her
M 2 “ head,

“ head, look at me, and softly supporting
“ herself upon her elbow; she eyed me
“ attentively, and said, or at least seemed
“ so to do; and, at that very moment,
“ I think I heard these words:

“ My much beloved friend, I am now
“ going to quit you for ever; I am much
“ obliged to you for having loved me,
“ and you have made me happy as long
“ as I have been acquainted with you.—
“ I now, my friend, am going to die,
“ but am very certain I shall not die in
“ your affection, and that no other per-
“ son will ever occupy my place; as for
“ me, if it is possible, to love even after
“ death; my soul, in waiting for yours, will
“ be always thinking of you, follow you
“ wherever you go, and be the constant
“ witness

“ witness of both your thoughts and ac-
“ tions. Think of me as often as you bewail
“ your friend, and that will make your
“ sorrows less. Adieu! adieu, my friend;
“ my death is not really painful, because
“ I die, as it were, in your arms; and
“ still less would it be so, if I could say,
“ adieu, my husband. Accept this title,
“ my much beloved, I now bestow it upon
“ you, and I call God to witness, who
“ sees all our actions; and I also call
“ death to witness, which is now hanging
“ over my head of sorrow; and I am
“ now going to die. Receive! yes,
“ quickly receive this ring, which I have
“ wore from my cradle, and which I
“ give to you as a pledge of my sincerity.
“ Receive also this kiss from your wife; it

“ is

“ is the first, and may be also the last you
“ ever may receive.”

“ WHILE she was saying this, I felt
“ her lips upon my forehead, and a
7 Tear “ scorching ~~lips~~ fell from her eyes upon
“ my cheek. This brought me to my-
“ self, and I looked earnestly at her—she
“ was dead!—Nemorin, she was dead,
“ and I found the ring upon my finger,
“ which she wore from a child, and I
“ yet felt upon my cheek, the burning
“ tear which fell from her eyes.

“ I arose, I cried, and called her my
“ wife, and pressed her to my bosom.—
“ Delphina, being now awake, in vain
“ endeavoured to assuage my grief. I
“ pushed Delphina from me, she still en-
“ deavoured

“ deavoured to comfort me ; and com-
“ manded, fearful of her father’s coming,
“ the servants to tear me from the body
“ of her sister. They seized me, and
“ endeavoured to obey her commands ;
“ I threw myself down and grappled the
“ ground ; I got to her bed, against the
“ side of which I beat my head ; my
“ blood intermixed with my tears, and
“ trickled down my cheeks. Delphina
“ begged me, on her knees, to follow her
“ out of the room : she made me quit
“ the castle, and apprehending her fa-
“ ther’s fury, in consequence of so many
“ witnesses to my love, she extorted the
“ the oath from me, to go some distance
“ from the place of sorrow. I went and
“ hid myself in the neighbouring woods,
“ overcome with a stupid grief, incapable
“ of

“ of a fingle idea, wandering by night,
“ in the caverns, crying dreadfully, and
“ calling Adelaide, and laying all day
“ long with my face towards the ground,
“ that I might not fee the fun. At laft,
“ I quitted this wood, and went from vil-
“ lage to village, every where bewailing
“ my misfortunes, and begging for bread,
“ which was given me as if I had been
“ mad. Yesterday I was informed, that
“ the Spaniards had declared war againft
“ us, that they over-ran our country
“ and burnt and destroyed every thing;
“ putting all to the fword. I every
“ where fought my death, and enquired
“ where the enemy was, that I might
“ throw myfelf on their lances.”

“ THIS

“ THIS is the history of my misfortunes ; see what my situation has been, believe what I have said, my friend, but try not to console me.”

SUCH was the recital of Ifidore ; Nemorin, without returning him an answer, pressed him a long time in his arms. Resolved never more to leave him, these two unfortunate wretches arose and began their journey ; a sudden noise, which they heard behind the hedge, where they were sitting, made them turn their eyes that way, and they perceived a warrior standing upright, who was looking upon them with an eye of compassion.

THIS warrior was hardly nineteen years of age, he was tall and well made, with

a sweet and pleasing countenance, he possessed all the elegance of youth; his long black hair fell in tresses over his armour; his helmet, ornamented with feathers, laid at his feet; a white sash, spangled with the flower-de-lis in gold, supported his sword, enriched with precious stones. From this dress, it was easy to perceive he was a prince—his eyes, his features, a certain air of grandeur, goodness and courage, bespoke his being an hero.

THE two shepherds, struck with respect, retired in silence, when the prince approached them. “Stop,” said he, “I like not to see any one but the enemies of France, fly from me; being concealed among the shrubs, I just now
“overheard

“overheard your discourse, which oc-
“casioned me some tears; I beg you
“will receive from me every comfort,
“which my rank and friendship can offer
“you. I was born a prince, but forget
“not that I am a man, and my heart
“makes all my equals, though by for-
“tune, I may be raised above them.—
“Be not then alarmed, shepherds, be
“not alarmed, but believe the words of
“*Gaston de Foix.*”

At the august name of Gaston, the
shepherds fell on their knees. Gaston,
the nephew of Louis the Twelfth, was
governor of Occitania; his goodness, his
justice, his love for the wretched, had
secured him the affection of all the inha-

bitants of the province. There was not a shepherd who had not heard of Gaston; they all knew that to him they owed the happiness they enjoyed. The mother, who every morning taught her child to thank the Supreme Being for the blessings he enjoyed, at the same time taught him to bless the name of Gaston.

THE prince made haste to raise up the shepherds. "How happy am I," said he, "to have left my camp, to breathe here the freshness of the morning air.—" "Yesterday I assisted two unfortunate persons, and heaven has this day recompensed me, in giving me an opportunity of relieving two others."— Thus saying, he held out his hand to the shepherds,

shepherds, who kissed it with tears of admiration. "Never leave me," said Gaston, "but come with me to defend your brethren. The virtuous Louis, judging of the hearts of kings by his own, imagined that treaties were more certain than conquests, and he is punished for his confidence. The perfidious king of Arragon has just sent an army under the command of the valiant Mendoza, the half of Languedoc is already ravaged; Mendoza is now before the walls of Nismes, I am going there, either to death or victory; follow me, brave shepherds, exchange your crooks for spears, and may the glory of having fought in defence of your country, make you amends for
" having

“having fought under the banner of
“love.” He spake, and the two shep-
herds resolving never to quit the hero,
took with him the road to his camp.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

BOOK VI.

ISIDORE and Nemorin (conducted by the amiable prince who interested himself so much in their behalf) silently traced the road to the camp. They beheld the nephew of their king! they admired this adorable assemblage of magnificence and virtue! When the young Gaston, to make them forget their sorrows, talked to them of their country, and the advantages, which distinguished *theirs* from the other territories of Louis, and that famous city, where the ancient bards went every year, to dispute the three golden flowers,

flowers, which are the rewards of genius. The prince was ignorant of the origin of that famous and ancient custom. Nemorin, desirous of informing him, sang the following romantic ballad of Clementia Isaurus, which he had learned from a shepherd of the banks of Ariage.

At Toulouse liv'd a beauty,
Clementia was her name;
Belov'd was she by Lauric,
And she did love the same.

Her parents much too cruel,
Oppos'd their tender love;
Thus hearts of tender feelings
Unfortunate oft prove!—

The father, harsh Alphonfus,
Another bade her wed;
But mindful of her Lauric,
The daughter, kneeling, said,

“ May

“ May your displeasure sooner,
“ The stroke of death impart;
“ For tho’ my life’s my father’s,
“ My Lauric has my heart.”—

The old man rous’d with vengeance,
To gentle love unkind;
With chains his daughter loaded,
And had her soon confin’d.—

Poor Lauric now was sighing,
In vain he threaten’d rage!
Just like a bird bewailing
His partner in a cage!—

One night the fair Clementia
O’er heard her lover speak;
And to the bars advancing,
This answer did she make:—

“ Dear youth, forget thy anguish,
“ Nor doubt my constancy;
“ These chains how very easy,
“ Because they’re worn for thee!—

“ With patience bear thy sorrow,
“ The court of Phillip find;
“ That he may see thy courage,
“ And be a friend most kind!—

“ But take before thou goest,
“ This nosegay, which I hold,

“ Of violet—the wild rose,
“ And yellow marygold.—

“ The wild rose is my fav’rite,

“ The violet’s my hue;

“ I in the last, an emblem

“ Of all my sorrows view.—

“ Thus kifs I these three flowers,

“ And wet them with my tears;

“ That they may oft remind thee,

“ Of all our loves and fears.”—

Thus having said, the flowers

She from the window threw;

Alphonfus then appearing,

Both trembling, bade adieu.—

With

With hopes of soon returning,
For France did Lauric steer;
Clementia's name repeated
To all the echoes near.—

He on the road discover'd,
That war was now prepared;
And that the English heroes,
The very ramparts dar'd—.

Now quick returning, Lauric
Upon the glaxis view'd
A band of brave Toulousians,
Whom conquering foes pursued.—

One soldier nearly perish'd,
Who had resistance made;
It was Clementia's father,
Whom Lauric flew to aid.—

He fought—he disengaged him,
For him did all defy;
Tho' wounded deep—his courage
Made Edward's soldiers fly.—

Alphonfus fees him dying,

And fain would difappear;

But his deliverer calls him,

Those painful words to hear:—

“ Oh thou!—Clementia’s father!

“ Whose fon I wifh’d to be;

“ This—this is Lauric’s vengeance,

“ To fight and die for thee!—

“ To footh thy daughter’s anguish

“ This pray’r do not refuse;

“ Say with my lateft moments,

“ I charg’d you with *adieu*.—

“ Give back thefe bloody flowers,

“ Dear treasure of my heart!

“ With dying lips I’ll kifs them,

“ Before, alas!—we part!”

No more—alas!—he utter’d—

Alphonfus, overcome!

To tell his tale of forrow,

Did bring the nosegay home.—

The fair unhappy lover,
In tears bewail'd his plight;
With trembling hands endeavour'd,
Her testament to write.—

In mem'ry of their passion,
She ev'ry year did will
These flowers to be giv'n
To bards of greatest skill.—

Her fortune she bequeath'd too,
To have them wrought in gold;
And ever since her country
This custom sacred hold.—

NEMORIN had just finished his story,
when they arrived at the fountain of
Bourbon, where was the camp of the
young hero. At this sight, the two shep-
herds stopped. The heaps of shining
spears and tents, whose streamers floated
in the air, the colours and standards
spotted

spotted with *flower-de-lis*——all this war-like appearance, so new to shepherds, quite struck them with admiration. The prince perceived it, and smiling at their surprise, “Shepherds,” said he, politely, “behold our tents; *they* are not less peaceful than *yours*, for love dwells *here* also. “In the midst of the clang of arms, “*we* also fight like *you*, and *we*, like *you*, “are faithful.” While he was talking, he saw the chief of the army advance to meet him, the brave wife Mirepoix and Narbone; the prudent couple, the young Bernis and the amiable Duvoure. These valiant warriors, whose noble ancestors were the terror of Occitania, brought to their general, a soldier belonging to the garrison of Nismes, wounded and panting with fatigue. This young soldier gave to
Gaston

Gaston a letter from Taleyrand, the governor of the town; and informing him, that being pursued by the Spaniards, whose camp he passed through, he received two blows with a halbert, which did not however stop his course. The prince gave him many presents, and commanded Nemorin to pay proper attention to his wounds.

This order was not necessary for the shepherd; he knew he was well acquainted with this young messenger; it was Hilaric himself, the amiable youth who conducted Stella to the beautiful valley. Nemorin embraced him a thousand times; and when his wounds were dressed, asked him what was the occasion of his quitting his country? how long he had left Massanna,

fanna? but dared not pronounce the name of Stella; yet still he asked a thousand questions, relative to every thing which might concern that shepherdefs.

“THOU art ignorant then,” said Hilaric, “of our dreadful misfortunes. A detachment of the Spanish forces penetrated our retreats, destroyed our goods and flocks, burnt our houses—never—

“What say you?” said Nemorin,—
“what is then become of Stella?”—
“She fled,” said Hilaric, “with the greatest part of the inhabitants. Stella, Meril, the old Raymond, Marguerite, Rose, and I—and we are now come to seek an afylum within the walls of Nismes,

“ Nismes, where we did not think we
“ should be besieged; but the terrible
“ Mendoza arrived there the ensuing
“ day; and Mendoza blockaded the town.
“ Our governor was half starved—he
“ wished to find a foldier, who would
“ undertake to pass through the Spanish
“ camp, to convey a letter to Gaston—I
“ offered my service; I succeeded, and
“ your prince has learned, that if he stays
“ two days longer, Nismes will be obliged
“ to surrender”

Thus spake young Hilaric. Nemorin made him repeat again, that Stella had escaped every danger; he heard with pleasure, mixed with pain, that Meril was solely employed in making his wife happy; and that since his arrival at Nismes, no

soldier had shewn more zeal, or more valour than Meril.

WHILE Nemorin was commending the accomplishments of his rival, Gaston called a council of war, and gained the battle against Mendoza. Every obstacle was foreseen, every hour was calculated; but it was necessary to dispatch a messenger that very night, to the governor of the town, to inform him, that he must prepare for a *sortie*, which ought to insure him the victory. Hilaric being wounded, could not return again to Nismes; it was necessary that another messenger should go twelve long leagues before day-break, and pass the enemy's guards. The attempt was very dangerous, but Nemorin undertook it. Gaston embraced

braced him, and delivered him a letter from the brave Taleyrand. Ifidore would not quit his friend. They both armed themselves with spears, and set out immediately.

ACTUATED by every motive which affects great souls, the two friends performed in six hours, the long journey they had undertaken. It was hardly twilight when they reached the Spanish camp. They then quitted the road, and went round the vineyard, being the side of the town which they thought would be the least guarded.

BUT the prudent Mendoza, who was fearful of being surpris'd by Gaston, had placed very strong guards all round the

town. The wretched shepherds advanced in silence, behind a long hedge, which not only favoured their march, but also concealed them from the view of the enemy's guard. In turning the corner of this hedge, they came directly upon one of the enemy's posts, and found themselves instantaneously surrounded by eight foldiers, who peremptorily bid them surrender. Ifidore ran the first of them through with his spear, who instantly fell wallowing in his blood, while Nemorin defended himself; he was wounded, and while he stretched out his hand to one of his companions to help him up, he was attacked by others and disarmed.—

“ Friend,” said Ifidore, in a dying voice,
“ congratulate me, I am now dying, but
“ shall join *Adelaide*—the only regret I
“ have,

“ have, is leaving thee in the dreadful
“ situation thou now art in; the only
“ thing which gives me pain is”——but
unable to finish——he expired. The
Spaniards hauled Nemorin away, but he
desired to be led to their general.

BEING brought before Mendoza, en-
circled by foldiers, he drew the letter
out of his pocket, which had been en-
trusted to him by Gaston, and eyeing the
Spaniard, with courage and respect,
“ Sir,” said he, “ I swore I would sooner
“ die than give you up this letter. You
“ must open my bosom to read it.” He
then tore the letter, and swallowed all
the pieces. That moment a general shout
was heard, and a thousand swords were
lifted against Nemorin. Mendoza desperf-
ed

ed them all. "Hold," said he, hold, ye
" brave Castilians; admire a noble ac-
" tion which you yourselves would, no
" doubt, have done. Courage without
" defence was always held sacred by the
" Spaniards; and thou, young and valiant
" soldier, return to him who sent you;
" tell him, that my attention ought to
" have prevented your entering Nismes;
" but, not in the least uneasy at his
" mysterious designs, Mendoza proposes
" the way to him, to relieve the besieged
" town. Let him and his army appear;
" let him, in the presence of the French
" and Spaniards, agree to engage with
" me alone; if *he* conquers, the siege
" shall be raised; of this, I give him my
" promise; but should he be *conquered*,
I expect

“ I expect from him the promise, that
“ the town shall be surrendered to *me*.”

Having said this, he gave orders for
Nemorin's wounds to be dressed, and to
be escorted back under a guard. “ It is
“ thus,” said he, “ that the Spaniards
“ treat virtue, even in their enemies—
“ may the French always find other na-
“ tions equally generous, when the war-
“ riors shall renew the charming example
“ which you have given this day !”

NEMORIN was struck with admiration
at the behaviour of Mendoza ; but wretch-
ed at the thoughts of not succeeding in
his design, and particularly in losing his
friend, begged of the Spanish general,
that

that he might be buried with all the honors of war. Having obtained this permission, he hastened back, and quickly joined Gaston, who advanced most rapidly.

THE shepherd gave the prince an account of his fruitless errand; he shed tears again, in remembrance of the unfortunate Isidore; spoke in praise of his virtue, his courage, and hardly so much as mentioned what he himself had done. Gaston regretted the unfortunate, but when he was informed of Mendoza's defiance, he was happy in exposing his life for the good of his country; he burned to engage, and ordered them to march as quick as possible.

DURING

DURING this time, the governor of Nismes, being ignorant of Mendoza's *cartel*, and not even hoping for Gaston's arrival, made a sally, equally bloody to both parties. Repulsed within his walls, notwithstanding his courage, and efforts, being reduced to the last extremity, he hoisted the white flag of truce, when, all on a sudden, the centinels upon the heights, announced the French army.

AT the same instant a trumpet arrived at the gates from Mendoza, with a letter for Taleyrand. He was conducted, blindfold, to the governor. In this letter a Spaniard announced his combat with Gaston, and demanded that the fate of the town should depend upon the prince. Taleyrand accepted the conditions, and

swore to surrender himself, if the Count de Foix was conquered; the citizens, acquainted with these terms, looked upon themselves as *delivered*. The young Gaston, having encamped his army in the beautiful plain of Vistre, sent to Mendoza, to fix the day of combat, the time, the place, as also the arms. The Spaniard appointed the next day, at sun-rise, on foot, by sword and dagger. In the presence of both armies, Gaston gave his pledge, and received also that of Mendoza. The list was prepared, the two warriors got themselves ready, and the two camps offered up their vows to heaven.

As soon as the morning dawned, the ramparts of Nismes were lined with soldiers—the heights, the steeples, and the
tops

tops of the houses, were covered with a multitude of people. The Spanish spears glistened from the summit of la Tour-Magne. Different French posts, or Castilians occupied the tops of the hills; and the distant mountains of the country were crowded with the inhabitants; who, with uplifted hands, implored heaven to succour their protector.

At the appointed time, the Spaniards left their camp, and clothed in coats of polished mail, which reflected the rays of the sun, they marched in order, and slowly drew out their battalions, armed with darts. A profound silence reigned among them, courage and pride were painted in their sun-burnt faces; a noble

and fierce gravity tempered their warlike ardour.

THE French went in multitudes from their forts—their light squadrons hastened to range themselves opposite their enemies—the chiefs were intermixed with the soldiers; equality of courage, frankness, and national gaiety, made them all companions. Carelessly leaning on their spears, they seemed diverting themselves. Destitute of *hatred*, as well as *fear*, they smilingly told their enemies, that Gaston was very formidable, and seemed to pity Mendoza, for having provoked this young hero. The Castilians trembled, and were silent. The French smiled and sang the following air :

Upon

Upon your courage, Gaston,

Your country's fate depends;

When in the field of honor,

Think on your best of friends.

Now triple the alliance,

By which success is shewn—

The French and love and glory,

Are to each other known.

MENDOZA quickly appeared, mounted
on a superb steed of Andaloufia, who,
held in by his master, fretted foamed,
and snorting, scattered at a distance the
froth, which whitened his silver bit; preci-
ous stones glistened on his arms; a plume
of feathers over-shadowed his helmet, and
a fash of the same colour supported his
refulgent sword; he advances with a fierce
and quiet air, orders the list to be opened,

enters

enters with his speed, and rides about in expectation of Gaston.

THIS prince advanced full gallop, white feathers floating on his head; his armour, of polished steel, shone brighter than a diamond; a cypher of love was engraved thereon; the same cypher was embroidered on his sash, worked with flowers-de-lis. Quick as lightning, he flew, dismounted, and leaped into the list, before quite opened, saluted Mendoza, and called for the signal.

THE trumpets found, the two enemies, sword in one hand, the dagger in the other, attack each other furiously. — Gaston, more impetuous than his valiant adversary, gave him at once four *coups de*
pointe,

pointe, which were parried; Mendoza, in his turn, advanced one step towards Gaston, *lui presente l' epee au visage, et la rabaisant vivement sur dessus le fer de son ennemi*, and pierced him in the flank, from whence the blood ran immediately.

As soon as the French saw this, they turned pale, the Spaniards shouted for joy; but the skilful Gaston turned his body to the right, the moment he was hit; this made his wound the deeper, and extending his left arm, he pierced the throat of his adversary, with his dagger; the dagger broke in the coat of mail; and the French in their turn, returned the Castilians a shout. Gaston had now only his sword left; as soon as Mendoza saw this, he threw away his dagger. "Prince,"
said

said he, "no advantage is to be taken;
"as our *courage*, so let our *arms* be
"equal."

Thus saying, he rushed upon Gaston,
and striking him over the head, he made
the hero totter again. Gaston, jumping
back, stepped then on one side, and re-
covering all his strength, he struck the
Spaniard's helmet with his sharp sword;
The blow was a dreadful one—the helmet,
divided in two, fell in the dust. Men-
doza himself, now touched the ground
with his left-hand, but arose again more
fierce. "Stop," said Gaston, to him,
"the contest is no longer equal." Thus,
said he, and untying his helmet, threw it
off, and continued the combat.

THE

THE two armies, seized with admiration, trembled for their valiant chiefs; they had only their swords left to defend themselves with, and their numberless thrusts struck the bravest soldiers with terror; at this moment a messenger arrived, covered with dust, who approached the list as quick as his horse could carry him, and commanded the heroes to desist. This cry ran through both armies—Mendoza and Gaston, much surprised, left off the combat—the messenger ordered, in the name of the King of France, the list to be opened, and gave Gaston a letter from Louis—the prince, having read it, threw away his sword.

“ No more war” said he, “ our two
“ monarchs are no longer enemies.—

“ Germany, espouses your master, and
“ guarantees a lasting peace, between
“ Louis and Ferdinand. This peace is
“ to me particularly grateful; because
“ I prefer the friendship of Mendoza to
“ the glory that might arise from having
“ fought with him.”

Thus said the Spanish hero, and affected with the so much politeness, was desirous of kissing, respectfully, the hand of Gaston, who embraced him, and the two heroes quitted the lists to proclaim peace.

THIS good news was soon spread about, a thousand shouts of joy reached the very heavens. The gates of the town were thrown open—the inhabitants offered both
the

the French and Spaniards their houses. The two generals, hand in hand, entered Nismes together, at the head of both armies, who were all surpris'd. They were conducted to Taleyrand, where their dangerous wounds were dress'd.—The soldiers were divided among the citizens, and the most rigid discipline prevented any riot or confusion, interrupting the public joy:

THE shepherd employed the whole day in a fruitless search; in the evening he wandered again through the town, when passing near the ancient temple of Diana, he on a sudden found himself in a church-yard, where many fresh graves reminded him of the horror of the siege. Nemorin stopped in the middle of this melancholy place,

place, sat himself down upon an old tombstone, and there with eyes fixed upon the ground (the only peaceful asylum of the wretched) Nemorin heard the shrieks of a solitary owl sitting near him, upon an iron cross; he found a secret pleasure in giving himself up to the depth of thought; but presently he heard, a few paces from him, both sighs and groans; the shepherd listened, lifted up his eyes, and through the deep shade, discovered a woman dressed in mourning, kneeling by the side of a grave, her hands joined together, her head covered with crape. Nemorin approaching nearer to her, distinctly heard these words:—"O thou, that didst possess
" all my esteem, who wert willing to make
" me happy, when I would not accept
" the same; excuse me, my worthy husband,
" band,

“ band, for having always avoided thy
“ chaste love, for having accepted the
“ sacrifice of thy modest inclinations; I
“ did what I ought; I was not worthy
“ thee—thou didst deserve a wife, whose
“ heart should have been wholly thine;
“ and mine could never extinguish en-
“ tirely, the first passion for which it burn-
“ ed. Oh! if thou canst from thy hea-
“ venly abode, at least but read the bot-
“ tom of my soul, thou canst not doubt,
“ my husband, the sincerity of my regret;
“ the bitter tears which wash thy tomb,
“ ought now to prove, that my respect,
“ and my friendship for thee, were full
“ as dear as my first love.”

AT these words, and at the sound of
this voice, Nemorin thought he was in a
dream

dream, motionless, and almost out of his senses, he listened a long time, without being certain it was Stella. When he could no longer doubt it, he ran towards the shepherdes, fell at her feet, and cried (sobbing bitterly) “are you really restored to me, Stella? Is it really you, whose knees Nemorin now embraces?”

STELLA, much affrighted, recollected the shepherd's voice ; but, without giving him time to continue ; “you are,” said she, in a severe tone of voice, “upon the grave of Meril, and you talk to his widow ! She neither *ought*, nor *will* she hear you.”

ON saying this, Stella fled, and Nemorin, much alarmed, remained kneeling
on

on the grave, his mouth open, and arms extended.

HOWEVER, the desire of knowing where Stella lived, brought him to himself; he ran back and saw her enter a house of mean appearance, which the shepherd examined a long time—at last, with a heart full of trouble, not daring yet to hope, he returned to the palace of Gaston, to tell his august protector, what had happened. The prince consoled the shepherd, and went so far as to assure him, that both his and Stella's happiness should be attended to. Orders were already given for the inhabitants of Nismes to assemble the ensuing day on the heights. Gaston had given secret orders, that old Raymond should be with them. The prince, followed

lowed by his officers and Nemorin, appears in the midst of a people, transported with joy at the sight of their deliverer.—

“Citizens,” said he, “I have fought for
“you; but it is the best of kings who delivered you, it is he who brings you
“peace; it is to *Louis* you owe every
“thing, and not any thing to *Gaston*.—
“Let us join in our prayers, long to
“preserve us the father of his people.
“But I intreat your gratitude for one of
“your countrymen, who, commissioned
“to inform you of the day of my arrival,
“was taken by the Spaniards, and would
“sooner have died than have given up the
“letter which I had, directed to you—
“here he is” said he, “a virtuous soldier,”
pointing to Nemorin, “there is only
“one thing worthy his heart’s acceptance,
“it

“ it is of thee, Raymond, I desire it.—
“ Nemorin adores your daughter—the
“ glorious death of Meril, leaves her
“ mistress of her promise ; acquit her
“ country, in giving Stella to so worthy a
“ lover. Gaston de Foix, begs this of you
“ as a favour—Gaston by no means com-
“ mands, but intreats all you, citizens,
“ to join him in begging Raymond to ac-
“ quiesce in this request. Thus, said
he, and all the people solicited it.—
Raymond threw himself at the princes’s
feet, where Nemorin was already—the
hero, lifting them up, embraced them.

—“ WILL you make me happy ?” said
the shepherd to the old man, with a trem-
bling voice ? “ My daughter is thine,”
replied he, “ but this wedding, agreed

“ upon to-day, cannot take place until
“ the mourning for Meril is finished;
“ thou knowest Stella’s virtue, and thou
“ never wouldst entertain a thought,”
interrupted the shepherd; “ which is not
“ approved by my father.” Thus saying,
he begged his blessing; Raymond gave it
him, in the midst of the acclamations of
the whole assembly, and Gaston dismissed
them with these words:

“ I dismiss you, citizens, that you may
“ go and repair the damages of the war,
“ and render assistance to the villages
“ which are destroyed; Taleyrand and
“ Crussol will second your endeavours.—
“ As for you, Nemorin, I charge you to
“ distribute my treasures among the inha-
“ bitants of Massanna. Go, rebuild your
houses,

“houses, replant your orchards, comfort
“and assist the unhappy in your village,
“and do not be afraid of exhausting my
“fortune; I am only rich while I am
“giving.”

THE Hero then retired to indulge himself in the transports of gratitude and love. He went to rejoin Mendoza, and sat off with that warrior, who ought to deliver into his hands the places taken during the war. Before they parted, the prince left Nemorin a casket full of gold, to dispose of as he pleased, and also made Raymond swear he would do as he had promised.

How rejoiced were Rose and Marguerite, when they saw Nemorin arrive, conducted by Raymond. Stella was near fainting,

fainting, when she heard what had passed ; her blushes and silence were her only answer. Nemorin, out of respect to the mourning, did not suffer a sigh to pass him, which might make the shepherdes displeased. Intimidated by her very happiness, with difficulty did he behold Stella, and hardly seemed to recollect she ever was beloved ; it was Rose who talked of it ; it was she who gave herself up to these transports ; it was she only who appeared to be the lover. The following day they quitted Nismes, and took Hilaric with them ; they shortly arrived at Massanna ; from that instant Nemorin employed himself in recounting the good actions of Gaston. He rebuilt the cottages, had the lands sown, recalled the owners, and, to make his time pass the quicker, he continually employed himself in doing good.

At last, the long twelve-month's mourning was finished, and the happy Nemorin was married to Stella; Rose led them to the altar; Rose was hardly able to retain her transports of joy; she stopped and called all she met with in the way there to admire Stella; to talk to them of her virtues, of her past sorrows, and of the happiness she was going to enjoy. Sweet tears of friendship bathed her cheeks, and when Stella pronounced the charming promise for ever to love Nemorin, notwithstanding the sanctity of the place she was in (and the presence of the priest) she could not help crying for joy, and threw her arms about her friend's neck.—

From that time Rose lived in the same house with Stella, Marguerite and Raymond, always friends, always respected
by

by that amiable family ; passed a long and happy life with them ; peace, friendship and love was the heritage they left their children, and their posterity yet dwells in that beautiful country, where I was born.

HAPPY country ! from which, though Fortune has banished me, thou art yet equally dear to my heart, and which I shall not fail to celebrate ; to thee I shall have consecrated the last notes of my rural pipe ! Yes, O much beloved name ! of thee I take my last farewell ; and to thee, pastoral muse ! I bid adieu ! I would not wish that other airs profane the oaten reed, with which I have celebrated my country. Ah ! what subject could now give me pleasure, having already painted the smiling fields, where the beauties of Nature

ture *first* worked upon my soul? beautiful vales! happy rivens! banks, where, when young, I gathered flowers! delightful trees! which my ancestors planted, and whose lofty heads reached the very skies! where my grand-father, leaning on his stick, made me admire you! ye limped streams, which watered the meadows, and which I passed through with such difficulty, and with pleasure, I shall never more behold you! I shall grow old with sorrow, being far separated from the place of my nativity; from the spot where my fathers are buried, and should I live to an advanced age, the bright sun of my country will not invigorate my feeble state. Oh! why may I not, at least, hope that my poor remains may be deposited in the valley, where, when a child, I was accustomed

customed to see the lambkins skip and play!
why may I not be certain of reposing
under the shady trees, where village
nymphs and swains so often meet to dance!
O that their pious hands would water the
grafs which covered my grave—that the
lover and his mistress would choose it for
their seat, and that the children would,
when their play is finished, scatter their
withered flowers over it! I also wish,
that the shepherds of the country would
sometimes shed a tear of friendship, when-
ever they read the following inscription:

Here rests our friend, beneath this quiet tomb,
'Tho' long abroad, his heart was still at home!

F I N I S.

NOTES.

(1) **LANGUEDOC**, or Occitania, one of the most beautiful and extensive provinces of France, was formerly inhabited by people named Volscians. They were conquered by the Romans, under the consulship of Quintus Fabius Maximus, anno Romæ 634. That country was then called a Roman province; and since that, when all the Gauls were conquered by Cæsar, Languedoc took the name of Gaul Norbonnoise, or Transalpine. The Romans, always attentive to the improvements of arts, by uniting themselves with the people conquered by their arms, sent colonies into Languedoc, and there also established their religion, their language, and their manners. They there built new towns, repaired the old ones, and took pains to embellish the circusses, the master-pieces of architecture; such as the stages of the amphitheatres, the square-house of Nîmes, the *pont du gard*, and many other monuments of antiquity, at this time much admired.

Attracted by the beauty of the climate, the families of the conquerors flocked to establish themselves in the Norbonnoise, and the conquered, in their turn, went in search of houses to Rome ; where, since the time of Cicero, numbers of them were admitted into the senate.

Sometimes happy, sometimes oppressed, just as the throne of the world was filled with a good or bad prince; the Narbonnoise suffered or profited by the revolution of the empire, which became *Christian*, under the reign of *Commodus*, about the year 180, according to our reckoning, and almost as quickly heretic, when the successors of Theodore, more engaged in confuting the Arians, than in repelling the Barbarians, permitted the empire to be dismembered. The provinces having been ravaged by the Vandales; the *Alains*, the Swifs and Germans, fell into the power of the Visigoths, who chose Toulouse for their capital, about the year 418.

More flourishing under their government, than that of the emperors, Norbonnoise shortly took the name of Septimania, or Spain Citerior. Notwithstanding the victories of Clovis, and the perpetual wars with the French, it was nigh three hundred years in subjection to the Visigoth kings, established Spain ulterior.—The Arabian Moors, conquerors of these kings, and also of Spain, made themselves masters of Septimania, about

about the year 720, but did not keep it long. Overcome in their turn, at the famous battle of Poitiers. they repassed the Pyrenees, and the sons of Charles Martel, Pepin-le-Bref, who sat upon the throne of France, became master of Septimania, in the year 759, not by right of conquest, but by treaty.

Under the weak succession of Charlemagne, the unfortunate Septimania or Gothie, ravaged sometimes by Normands, sometimes by Hungarians, had both dukes and Marquisses less employed in remedying their ills, than in rendering themselves independent of the kings of France. Then, about the year 850, began the Raymonds, Counts of Toulouse, who, from being only plain governors, under the *first* kings of the *second* race, possessed at last the province, under the title of sovereignty. Many of the family of Raymond were worthy of their fortune; but the most illustrious were, the Raymond de St. Gilles, the fourth of the name, so well known by their exploits in the Holy Land, (vid. note 4) This hero died before Tripoli, 1106; his two sons, Alphonfus and Bertrand, who succeeded him, one after the other, followed the footsteps of their father, and quitted their possessions in Europe, to go fight, and die in Asia. These brave Croises were, doubtless, as far from foreseeing that within thirty years afterwards, Pope Innocent the Third, would publish a crusade against their grandson Raymond the Sixth; as

that the barbarous Simon de Montfort, chief of the crusade, should murder, pillage, and burn Languedoc, under the same standard of the Cross, formerly erected by Raymond the Fourth, upon the Tower of David, as that the wretched Raymond the Sixth, for not being willing to exterminate his subjects, should be excommunicated, pursued, whipped publicly with rods by a legate, forced to take up the cross in the holy war with his enemies, to assist them to lay waste his dominions, be driven from the capital, with his sons, and pillaged of his possessions, to see them made over to the executioner of his subjects; in the midst of so many adversities, Raymond the Sixth, exhibited a courage, patience and wisdom, beyond conception. Yielding to the storm, when left without resource, and taking up arms again, so soon as he found soldiers reduced in subjection to the church; proud towards the vagabonds who abused the sacred name, he retook Toulouse, and almost all his dominions, and died loaded with years, misfortunes, and glory.—His son, Raymond the Seventh, had assisted his father in recovering his dominions. He knew how to defend them against *Amour de Montfort*, and against Louis the Eighth, king of France, to whom Montfort had sold what he could not keep any longer. The Inquisition established in the province from the year 1204, was fixed there by the council of Toulouse in 1229. It became a source of calamities—the inquisitors so much abused their power, that

that Gregory the Ninth was obliged to suspend them from their offices. In a short time after, their funeral piles were lighted up, and the inquisitors were massacred. Their deaths procured Raymond new enemies—he knew how to quell the storm, and being reconciled with the pope, with the king, St. Louis, he died lamented by his people, whom he would have made more happy without continual wars, and particularly without the inquisition.

Raymond the Seventh, left only one daughter, named Jane, who was married to Alphonfus Count of Potiers, brother to St. Louis. At the death of her father, Jane, his only heiress, carried her sovereignty into the house of France. Alphonfus and Jane dying without children, within three days of each other, King *Philip le Hordy*, nephew of Alphonfus, came to Toulouse in 1271, to take possession of that beautiful province, which has ever since been inviolably attached to the crown of France.

(2) Upper Languedoc, where the climate is soft and temperate, abounds in corn and fruit. The *Lower*, less fertile in corn, produces the excellent wines of Frontignan, de Lunel, de St. Perny, de St. Gilles, de Cornas, &c. There the olive-trees are cultivated with as much success as in Provence. The flocks, which cover the Cevennian mountains, and the immense

menſe quantity of mulberry-trees, which grow there, are the chief riches of the country. The Ariage, the Ceze, the Gardon, the Tarin, furniſh them with gold ſand—after heavy rains and deep ſnows, which is a proof that the mountains abound in mines of that metal. In many cantons are found mines of iron, lead, tin, copper, jet, vitriol, pitch, antimony, ſulphur, and coals, Quarries of marble are very common there. Thoſe of Coſnes, in the dioceſe of Narbon, furniſh abundance of fine veined marble, which takes the name of that province. Near Caſtres, and in other places, is found tortoiſeſhell, by no means inferior to that of the Eaſt. The mineral waters are there very common; the moſt famous of which are, thoſe of Vals, Lodeve, Alais, Servan, Balaruc, Vendres, and various others. There are alſo, abundance of medicinal plants; in the environs of Montpellier, they reckon more than three thouſand different forts. The Cevennian mountains furniſh a much greater number.

(3) Antoninus Pius, that model of kings, who found out the method of not dying, by adopting Marcus-aurelius, originally came from Niſmes.

(4) Raymond St. Gilles, the fourth of that name, Count of Toulouſe, was of great ſervice to Alphonſus the Fourth, king of Caſtile, in his wars againſt the Moors; and, as a recompence, he received his daughter
Elvira,

Elvira, sister of Thereſe, who married Henry of Burgundy, who founded the kingdom of Portugal.—Raymond ſet off for the Holy Land in 1096, at the head of one hundred thouſand men. His exploits at the ſieges of Nice, Antioch, and Jeruſalem, procured him immortal glory. All the eaſtern hiſtorians talk more of Raymond de St. Gilles, than of Godfrey, or any other. After that, Jeruſalem was taken; the Chriſtians offered the crown to Raymond, who reſuſed it. Godfrey was then elected—he required that Raymond ſhould give him up the town of David; and this occaſioned a quarrel between the two heroes. Raymond, nevertheless, aſſiſted him, in gaining the famous battle of Aſcalon. The Chriſtian conquerors being divided, Raymond, with four hundred knights, who compoſed his little army, went and ſubjected many towns, of which he formed a principality. He erected a fortrefs, which was called Mont Pelerin, where he reſided. Elvira, his wife, did not quit him, but followed him in his campaigns, and brought him children, whom Raymond had baptized in the Jordan, and they promiſed to be heroes, like their father. At laſt he died at Mont Pelerin, aged ſixty-four, after having gained ten battles and victories in Paleſtin.

(5) James the Firſt, king of Aragon, born at Montpellier, the firſt of February, 1208, was the ſon of Mary of Montpellier, heiress of that ſeignory, and of the

the brave Peter the Second, king of Aragon, killed at the battle of Muret, in defending his ally, his brother-in-law, Raymond the Sixth, against the usurper, Simon of Montfort. Two Croises, of the army of Montfort, Alain of Rouci, and Florent de Ville, conspired the death of Peter, but he changed his arms against those of one of his knights. The two croises attacked this knight; Alain not recollecting by his defence, the renowned valour of King Peter, cried out it was not he. Peter, who was near this spot, heard these words, wounded the two warriors with his pike, lifted up the visier of his head-piece, and said to them aloud, "*It is very true, it is not he, but here I am;*" thus saying, he gave the French warrior a blow, and tumbled him off his horse—from thence he threw himself into the battle, and atchieved prodigies of valour; but Alain and Florent rallied their troops, faced the valiant king, and attached themselves to him alone, and finished, by leaving him dead in the dust. Thus fell, in the prime of life, one of the most amiable monarchs in the whole world. Peter was tall, well made, magnificent, and as honest as he was brave. His justice and goodness made him the idol of all his subjects. To the qualities of a great king, he added all the talents which he could possibly acquire. He was fond of, and cultivated the *provencial* poetry, or poetry of *Provence*, and gloried in being a good *Troubadour*, or bard.—This great Prince, very little known, and too little admired,

admired, governed his subjects like a father, and died like a hero, in combating with justice and friendship.

Peter the Second left the crown of Aragon, and the seignory of Montpellier to his son, James the First.—This prince was worthy his father—sixty years victorious against the Moors, he acquired the surname of Conqueror, a title really glorious for him, because he acquired it by delivering his country from usurpers, who had oppressed it. By triumphing over his enemies, he knew how to make his subjects happy—he cultivated the arts and learning, and hath left us many precious memoirs of his life. I have been rather prolix in regard to these two princes, because one had a great deal to do, in the history of Languedoc; and the other was an honour to the province, where he was born.

After the death of James the First, the seignory of Montpellier, otherwise called the Earldom county of Melgueil, or Maguelonne, belonging to the three kings of Majorca, and was then confiscated by Peter the Fourth, king of Aragon; disputed by the kings of France, partly bought by Phillippe le Bel, and afterwards acquired by Phillippe de Valois.

(6) Gui Fulcodi the Pope, under the name of Clement the Fourth, was of St. Gilles, the son of a very celebrated counsellor, who immediately took up arms,

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and

and espoused a young lady whom he loved, by whom he had many children. He studied law, and shortly became very famous; to depth of learning, he added the more valuable gifts of probity, wisdom, and modesty. Raymond the Seventh, his sovereign, Alphonfus count of Poitiers and Toulouse, St. Louis, king of France, and king of Aragon, employed him in the most delicate affairs. He lost his wife, and turned ecclesiastic. He was soon made Bishop of Pui, Archbishop of Narbonne, Cardinal, and Pope!

His new dignity did not make him proud, as is evident from the following letter, which he wrote to Peter de St. Gilles, his nephew, after his exaltation.

“ The transitory honor now conferred upon me, instead of making *me*, or my *relations* proud, ought to make us more modest. Do not, on my account, seek for an alliance more considerable for your heart, let her espouse the son of a plain knight; upon that condition, I promise you three hundred livres tournois, as a portion—should she aspire to any higher rank, I will not give any thing whatever. Tell my dear daughters, Mabilia and Cecilia, that it is my intention, they have the same husbands as they would have had, if I had remained not any thing more than an undignified priest. They are the daughters of Gui Fulcodi, not of a pope, they
“ possess

“ possess my whole heart, my dignity is not any thing
 “ to them.”

Clement preserved a tender affection for Languedoc, his country, and his old friends. He was fond of books; he hath left some writings, and the remembrance of an irreproachable pontif. William de Grimoard, pope, under the name of Urban the Fifth, of the house of Duroure, was of Grifac, in Gévaudan. His virtues deserved the triple crown. He governed the church with much wisdom, edification, and piety, and died 1370.

(7) Among a great number of illustrious warriors, who came from Languedoc, the most remarkable after the Raymonds, were Amalric, Viscounts of Narbonne, whose exploits were so celebrated, that in 1290, all the towns, in the interest of *Guelphes*, being leagued together, under the title of the Tuscan Society, elected Amalric their captain-general. The King of France, Charles le Bel, appointed him general of the army, sent against the Infidels. He died in 1328.

The famous Gaston de Foix, who gained the battle of Ravenne, and died at the age of twenty-three, with the reputation of being the greatest captain of the age, was born at Mazère, in the diocese of Mirepoix, the 10th of December 1489, of John the fifth, count of

Foix, and Madelene of France, sister of Louis the Twelfth. Gaston was viscount of Narbonne, and took the title of King of Navarre. His victories, his youth, his very extraordinary talents, and particularly, his amiable virtues, made him the idol of the people and soldiers. Louis the Twelfth said of him, "Gaston is my work, I brought him up, and I formed in him the virtues we admire in him." This hero died, crowned with laurels, at Ravenna, and his death brought on the loss of Italy.

It was our intention to have ranked, with the heroes that province produced, Constance Cézelli, wife of Barri, governor of Leucate, a little town of Lower Languedoc. During the war, Barri was taken by the leaguers—Constance was then at Montpellier, her own country, informed of the misfortune which happened to her husband, she hastened to embark at Maguelonne, repaired to Leucate, inspired the garrison with courage, and prepared for a vigorous defence. The Leaguers and Spaniards made an attack—Constance frustrated all their efforts. The cowardly besiegers, angry with the resistance which they ought to have admired, erected a gibbet, and threatened the heroine to hang her husband, if she did not surrender the town.—Constance, in this dreadful alternative, offered her fortune, and even her person, as a ransom for her husband; "My *fortune*, my *life*, are mine," said she, "I willingly

“lingly give them for my husband; but my *town*,
 “belongs to the *king*, and my *honour* to *God*, and I
 “ought to maintain them to my latest breath.”—The
 besiegers had the audaciousness to hang her husband,
 and even sent her his corpse. The garrison of Leucate
 begged their generous commanders to give up to them a
 prisoner of distinction, whom the duke of Montmorenci
 had sent to make just reprisals. Constance refused to
 give up this prisoner, and revenged herself more nobly
 on her enemies, by obliging them to raise the siege.—
 Henry the Fourth, out of gratitude, made Constance
 governess of Leucate, 'till her son Hercules came of
 age. This horrid, but sublime action happened in
 1590.

John du Cailar, of St. Bonnet de Toyras, born at
 Languedoc, in 1585, marechal of France, under Louis
 the Thirteenth, was esteemed one of the most famous
 captains of his time. Having done great services, he
 died in disgrace, because he displeased cardinal
 Richelieu.

The knight of Affas, the French *decus* was of the
 environs of Vigan, a small town in the Cevennes.—
 Every one is acquainted with his heroic attachments,
 for when at Closterkam, in 1760, being posted one
 night near a wood, with a detachment of the *brave re-*
giment of d'Auvergne, he went alone to scour the wood
 and

and found himself in a moment surrounded by a troop of the enemy. These presenting their bayonets to his breast, threatened him with instant death, if he spoke a word—on this not only depended the chance of his post being surprised, but perhaps the whole army might have been so too. D'Assas, without hesitation, cried out, “*Auvergne*, help! the enemy is here!” and down he fell with the wounds he instantly received. King Louis the Sixteenth, perpetuated the memory of this superb action, by settling an hereditary pension on the house of Assas, as long as any male remained. One might here recite a number of the names of that province, if we wished to give a list of the good officers it produced, and even now serve with honour in that old regiment, better known by its enemies, than by the citizens of the capital.

(8) Languedoc has produced very famous magistrates, too numerous to mention here. The famous Nogeret, who served Phillippe le Bel, with so much zeal, in the quarrel he had with Pope Boniface the Eighth, was born at St. Felix de Caramon, in the diocese of Toulouse. He studied law from his youth, and succeeded to the law professorship at Montpellier, chief senechal-justice of Baucaire and Nismes, knight, chancellor, and keeper of the seals of France. His elevated station was owing to his talents.

John Bertrandi, keeper of the seals 1530, was of Toulouse, only a plain advocate, and deputed by the estates of the province to carry letters of condolence to the king; he was the following year appointed chancellor to the parliament of Paris, and then became first president of the parliament of Toulouse, and obtained the office of the keeping of the seals, a place made for him in 1551, by Henry the Second, because the chancellor Oliver, retired from the court. Bertrandi was keeper of the seals to the death of Henry—he then became ecclesiastic, and was made bishop of Comminges, archbishop of Sens, and cardinal.

The parliament of Toulouse, instituted by Phillippe le Hardi, and which kept his sittings in 1280, united it frequently with that of Paris; then it was separated, and afterwards fixed in Languedoc, by Charles the Seventh, in 1443. It was almost presided over by magistrates of great merit. Amongst whom the renowned Duranti, took the lead; his excellent merit deserves to be recounted.

When the tragical death of the duke of Guise, and the cardinal his brother, at Blois, had filled the state with troubles, the town of Toulouse signalized itself, by his attachment to the league, and by his furies against Henry the Third. The people of Toulouse deputed one of their chief magistrates to the Parisians, to take
the

the oath of union with them. They gave the authority to eighteen of the most factious among them—at Paris they chose sixteen, and sent throughout the whole province to stir up a rebellion.

Duranti, the first president of the parliament of Toulouse, and Affis, advocate-general, remained faithful to their duty and their king. They both of them became the object of hatred to the eighteenth.—These being masters of the town, forced the first president to assemble an extraordinary chamber, to determine if (Henry de Valois being excommunicated) the people of Toulouse were not exonerated from this oath of fidelity.

Opinions were divided, as Duranti had foreseen; and this magistrate broke up the assembly, without coming to any conclusion—but the palace was surrounded by armed men; the first president, getting into his carriage, was assassinated by swords and spears, but escaped unhurt, by sinking down into the middle of his carriage. His coachman drove full speed to reach his master's house. Unfortunately his carriage was over-turned, Duranti was obliged to alight, and took refuge in the town house. The few friends he had fled; the shops were shut, the chains were put up, and every thing were barricaded.

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The parliament being again assembled, ordered Duranti to be carried to the convent of Jacobins. He was escorted there by two archbishops, leaguers and attendants; a guard was placed at his door, with orders that no one should see him, not even his only daughter. Rosa Canlet, his wife, and two servants, had permission to *enter* the convent with him, but not to *go out*. His house, his papers, were searched, but nothing was found that could furnish the slightest pretext.

Nevertheless his death was wished for, the armed factions repaired to the Jacobins, and attempted to break open the door—they could not succeed; they burnt it, and entered the convent, without the guards (who were in concert with them) making the least resistance. Chapelier, one of the chief of the assassins, fell upon the first president, and made him come and answer the people. Duranti went on his knees, said his prayers, embraced his wife, bid her farewell, and walked to meet his death. When he came to the door, that was burnt, Chapelier dragging him with violence, called aloud, "*This is the man.*"

"Yes," said Duranti, whose countenance looked all innocence, "Yes, here I am, what crime have I committed, to inspire such implacable hatred?"—These few words, pronounced with an air of consequence

quence and authority, which still accompanied this old man's looks, had an effect upon the seditious; they were all silent, they went so far as to throw themselves at the magistrates feet, when a musket, which was fired at a distance, hit him in the breast. Duranti fell, and his last words were a prayer for his murderers. The people immediately became furious, dragged the body of Duranti through the streets, and ran directly to the town-hall, massacred the advocate-general, D'Affis.

Thus two learned magistrates perished through their zeal and fidelity, which the province ought to glory in, and they equally deserve the admiration and respect of every good Frenchman, like Briffon, Larcher. and the Tardife.

(9) The taste for poetry, called *provencial*, was cultivated at Toulouse, from the reign of the first count, Raymond the Fifth, his son, his grandson, many knights of that province, were excellent poets, and knew how to celebrate in song, their ladies, as well as fight for them. In 1323, under the reign of Charles le Bel, seven principal citizens of Toulouse, under the title of the *Gay Society*, seven troubadours, or bards, of Toulouse, wrote a circular letter, to all the poets of Languedoc, to invite them to read their works at Toulouse, the first of May following, with the promise of giving a golden violet to him who should compose the best piece in Italian.

On the day appointed, many troubadours, or bards, arrived and repaired to the garden of seven judges.— The works were read in presence of the chief magistrates, the principal people of the town, and a great concourse of people. The prize was adjudged to a *Cerventes*, composed in honour of the Virgin Mary, by Arnaud Vidal de Castelnudari, who was immediately created Doctor in the Gay Science.

The seven associates continued their meetings; chose one of the body for their chancellor, and gave another of them the title of *Bedeau*, or *Secretary*. They published statutes, which they stiled the laws of love. They also added two other flowers to the violet, viz. The wild rose and marygold; in short, their society became so famous, that in 1388, John, king of Aragon, sent ambassadors to King Charles the Sixth, to request of him poets of the province of Narbonne, there to establish the *Gay Society*.

Such was the origin of the academy called *Les jeux floraux*, which received new honour about the end of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, by the liberality of a Toulousian lady, whose name was Clementia. This lady, (of whom we know but little) left by her will, a certain sum to defray the expences of three flowers, which the academy to this day give annually. The chief magistrates, and inhabitants of that town, out of gratitude

tude to Clementia, erected, about the middle of the sixteenth century, a statue of white marble, which was placed in one of the rooms of the town-house, where it is yet to be seen, and where she is every year crowned with flowers; the 13th of May being the day on which the prize is distributed. Louis the Fourteenth, in 1694, established this academy by letters patent, which I believe is the most ancient one that is. Nothing more is known that can be depended on, respecting Clementia. I thought myself at liberty, in a romance, to make her the sole foundress of the florists-feast, and to give a reason for the three flowers to which the prize was adjudged. A romance is of so little consequence, that I flatter myself, the literati will excuse me for what I have written.

(10) This description is only a true and striking picture of a beautiful vale, situate between Cordet and Massanna, called *Beau Rivage*, and which is by nature, a most enchanting retirement.

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F I N I S.

